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T H E

Modern P O E T.

A
Modern P O E T.
R A P S O D Y.

*My Infant Tears a sort of Measure kept ;
I squall'd in Disticks, and in Triplets wept.
No Youth did I in Education waste,
Happy in an Hereditary Taste.
To Greek and Latin Tongues without Pretence,
I trust to Mother Wit, and Father Sense.
Nature's my Guide, all Sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a Poet born.* - Man of Taste.



L O N D O N :

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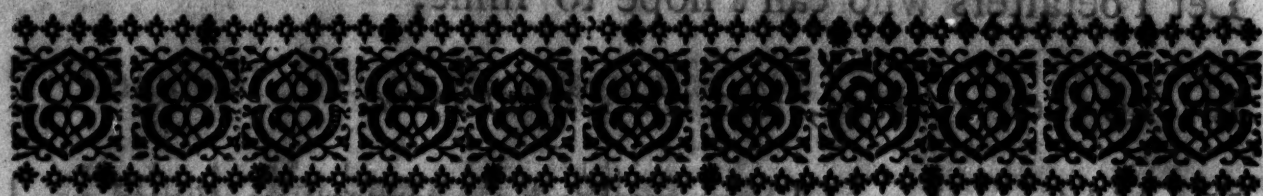
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Modern P.O. Box



RAT DRY

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Modern POET.

RAPSO DY.

IN lofty Verse, who would a Master be;
 Must strive to shine by imitating me.
 Imprint within his Mind, what I indite,
 Assume my Stile, and Copy what I write:
 And thus my Works shall future Bards inspire,
 And fill my Sons with their Great Father's Fire.

I tell no Tale of some poor Love-sick Maid,
 Nor call the Fabled *Muses* to my Aid.
 Let Love-sick Fops attempt, in whining Strains,
 The Pow'r of Love, his Darts, and burning Pains.

Let Poetafters who can't hope to fhine,
 Invoke their *Phæbus*, and the *Sacred Nine*.
 No Aid from them I have, and none require,
 For bounteous *Nature* freely did inspire
 My glowing Bosom with Poetick Fire.

I write Heroics in a Stile sublime,
 And harmonize my Verfe by jingling Rhime.

As Deathless *D'Urfy's* fam'd for lyrick Odes;
 As *Cibber's* make our Monarchs more than Gods;
 As *Blackmore* does his Hero's Acts rehearse,
 In founding Numbers, and in rumbling Verfe;
 As * *Johnson* claims from ev'ry Modern Praise,
 For spoiling *French*, and murd'ring *English*, Plays;
 As *Ward* best tells the worn-out Leacher's Pranks;
 As Tragic Heroes swear the most in *Banks*;

As each in One, fo I in All excel;
 In all the diff'rent Ways of writing well.

* *Charles Johnson.*

Let

B

Should

Should I but write an Ode, you'd swear you see! Gods!
 Immortal *D'Urfy* shine again in me.
 I equal *Blackmore* in a loftier Lay;
 My Verses rumble, and my Heroes bray.
 My Comedies would make a Quaker smile,
 Like *Johnson's* writ in Tragicomic Style.
Banks must to me in Tragedy give Place;
 My Heroes swear with a tremendous Grace.

Of all this num'rous Race of Bards you see,
Cibber alone presumes to rival me.
 He writes his Birth-day Songs, and New-year Odes,
 And charms with fulsome Praise our earthly Gods.
 But in his Comic Scenes, what Wonders croud!
 His Fools say little, Men of Sense talk loud.
 Wits, Coxcombs, Coquets, there promiscuous bawl,
 And the same Words you may apply to all.
 Which are his Wits, which Fools, we ne'er could know,
 Unless the Bard had kindly told us who;
 His harmless Satire never gives Offence;
 His Wits talk pertly, tho' they're void of Sense.

Gods!

Gods ! how his Heros in their Buskins tread !
 One awful Look's enough to strike you dead.
 They fill with Blood and Terror all the Land,
 And talk a Language none can understand.

Go on, great Bard, thy deathless Strains rehearse ;
 When thou art dead, I'm Rivalless in Verse.

Let *Pope* with Wit yet unexhausted write,
 And plague himself, to give the Town Delight.
 Let him in moral Satire vainly rage,
 And with dull, virtuous Precepts stuff each Page.
 Let *Swift* in Whims exhaust his fertile Brains ;
 And * *Savage* drudge in labour'd *Grubstreet* Strains
 I know an easier Way to please the Town,
 To fill their Heads, and not exhaust my own.
 I steal my Thoughts from *Congreve*, *Garth*, or *Rowe*,
 And plunder *Byshe*, for *Sim* lies apropos.
 If I perchance desire to write sublime,
 The Blank of *Milton* soon is turn'd to Rhime.

* *Mr. Savage* is generally thought to be concerned in writing the *Grubstreet Journal*.

The Pains of thinking I could ne'er endure;
 So what won't be sublime, I make obscure.
 Whate'er's obscure, must be sublimely good,
 As that's most lik'd, which least is understood.

Were I so bless'd, as but to understand
 The Courtly Language of the *Gallia Land*,
 Their Satire, and their Drama, you should see,
Boileau, *Corneille*, *Moliere*, you'd find in me.
 With *Boileau's* Spirit I would lash the Age,
 And all should feel, who durst excite my Rage.
 Not like those Fops, unfashionably nice,
 Who don't attack the Persons, but the Vice.
 By diff'rent Methods I'd divert the Town,
 And make each poignant Satire a Lampoon.

With Modish Libel tickle its Good-nature,
 And point with lawless Scandal ev'ry Satire.
 To please Sir R.---t be extreamly witty,
 And lash the richest Merchants of the City.
 I'd call them *Beggars*, and such Courtly Names,
 And wish their Ships might ne'er return to *Thames*.

C

I'd

I'd curse them all who durst refuse *Excise*,
 And damn their *Craftsmen* under *Christmas* Pies.

Court Schemes and Projects they could ne'er endure,
 They'd make firm Patriots tremble if they'd Pow'r.

My Praises still Sir R----t shall attend;
 To Men of Wit he always was a Friend,
 And Men of Wit shall always sound his Fame;
 As grateful *Osborne* does, and *Walsingham*.
 To please my Patron oft I Journals write,
 And help old Goody *Osborne* to indite.
 The prattling Grannum writes from Depth of Sense,
 By pow'rful *Gin* inspir'd, and R----n's Pence.

I oft with *Walsingham* my Time beguile,
 And write *Free-Britons* in a florid Stile.
 Tho' *Britain's* Freedom thunders in my Lines,
 Some say t' enslave her are my true Designs.
 But whether such, or no, be my Intention,
 My Meaning's oft above my Comprehension.

Quite

Quite free from Learning, not o'erstock'd with Wit;
 Each diff'rent Taste and Humour I can hit.
 To please the *Grave*, my Satire I display,
 And with my hum'rous Tales divert the *Gay*.
 The *Learn'd* I still with Pedantry assail,
 With Billetdeuxs amuse the *Love-sick Belle*.
 The light *Coquet* the pow'rful Charm does prove,
 Who's always pleas'd with sprightly Songs in Love.
 The graver *Prude* to please, I still lampoon
 The prettiest, wittiest Females of the Town.
 With smart Obscene the looser *Rake* I bless,
 And for the *Beaux* I write the Art of Dress:
 For such whose Heads are fill'd with loftier Fancies,
 I write Heroic Poems and Romances.
 To Their diff'rent Tastes I please, by diff'rent Ways;
 From some I Presents gain, from all gain Praise.
 Inspir'd by *Nature*, I divert the Age;
 My Parents fill'd me with Poetic Rage.
 My smarter Wit my Mother did inspire;
 But my sublimer Flights came from my Sire.

He sung the Acts of Heroes stout and bold,
 And lofty Deeds in loftier Numbers told,
 Each hidden Charm of Poetry he found,
 And judg'd the Sense of Numbers by the Sound.
 In diff'rent Scenes my Mother's Genius lay;
 For what was done by Night, she brought to Day,
 With Court Amours she always charm'd our Ears,
 And soft Intrigues of Countesses and Peers.
 With Scandal and Obscene she pleas'd the Town,
 And shew'd her Sex's Passions, and her own.
 Her flat Obscene would still excite Desire,
 And his Heroic Fustian pass'd for Fire.
 Tho' both thus bless'd, their Tempers did not hit,
 But their smart Repartees made me a Wit.

By Want constrain'd, when first in Verse I wrote;
 My Lodging then exalted as my Thought;
 In a *Grubean* Garret doom'd to lie,
 I thro' the crazy Roof beheld the Sky.
 My Bed with fable Cobwebs circled round,
 And Dust and Wit promiscuous strew'd the Ground.

Of Maids undone by Love, then first I sung,
 And with the doleful Tunes St. *Giles's* rung,
 Each dying Hero's Speech I did report,
 And oft writ Billetdeaux for Fools at Court :
 But loftier Themes employ'd my Pen some times,
 For hir'd, I writ the Belman's annual Rhimes.
 But soon a better Price for me was bid ;
 So vast a Genius could not long be hid.
 Call'd to the Court, there was my Sphere to shine,
 With how much Ease flow'd each harmonious Line :
 My Patron's Friends I pleas'd with fulsome Praise,
 And lash'd his Foes in my satiric Lays :
D'Anvers and *Fog* then felt my keenest Rage,
 And all the desp'rate Scriblers of the Age,
 To serve their Country, who're my Patron's Foes,
 His known Decry, his secret Schemes disclose.
 Long may they write, their Country ne'er regards ;
 But still the gen'rous Court its Friends rewards.
 As *Hunger*, or Lord *Paris*, does require,
 I write smart Satires on the *Twit'nam* 'Squire.

'Tis true, they pass beneath his Lordship's Name:

If mine's the Pay, his Lordship's be the Fame.

On ev'ry Branch of Poetry I've writ,

On ev'ry Branch display'd prodigious Wit.

As I've thus made of ev'ry Branch the Test,

I find that Satire suits my Genius best.

Each Work that has Success, my Anger moves;

I always hate whate'er the Town approves.

Young's Satires gain an undeserv'd Applause;

The *Moral Fool* has writ in Virtue's Cause:

His *Universal Passion*, *Love of Fame*,

Shall ne'er encrease it's Author's Wealth or Name.

The *Man of Taste* is with some Spirit writ;

But without Taste in Poetry, or Wit.

In *Pope's Essays* he has Religion shewn,

By moral Rules, to this immoral Town:

But his grave *Thoughts* could ne'er my Fancy lift;

Nor *Wit* nor *Humour* can I find in *Swift*.

Of honest Politicks be *Budgel* proud;

He vexes me who seeks his Country's Good.

Amongst

Amongst the Faults that I in *Dodley* see,
 He's pleas'd the Town, and so disgusted me.
 Its Want of Taste the Town did most display,
 When it receiv'd the Operas of *Gay*.
 Dukes, Earls, and Knights, to *Lincoln's* Theatre throng,
 To hear themselves lash'd in each painted Song.
Mackheath's brisk Wit, and fashionable Air,
 His Arts to gain, and to delude the Fair;
 His daring Soul, so fearless of his Fate,
 Above my Lord in all Things, but Estate.
 The Ladies blush at their unguarded Folly,
 To see the Virtue, that they want, in *Polly*.
Gay blest'd his Stars, so well his Labours took,
 And sixty Nights the croud'd Theatre shook.

Rich Eastern Kings *Italian* Op'ras boast;
Gay's Hero's but a Highwayman at most.
 From foreign Climes these warbling Eunuchs bring;
 But *Gay's* harsh Notes, our Natives harshly sing.
 Their War-like Heroes are in Eunuchs shewn,
 And Gen'als, without Manhood, fight in Tune.

With

With melting Sounds the well-turn'd Periods chime,
 And *Roman* Senates sing the Laws in Rhime.
 Soft Tunes in female Breasts Delight inspire;
 Soft Eunuchs raise, but can't allay Desire;
 And pompous Scenes, at great Expence, are bought,
 Whilst *Gay's*, alas! can only boast of Thought.

But, Heav'n be thank'd, our antient Taste returns,
 And with its former Fire each Bosom burns.
Italian Strains again the Town delight,
 And Coaches croud the Streets each Op'ra Night.
 Ev'n Fustian Charms in smooth *Italian* Song,
 And Nonsense pleases from the Eunuch's Tongue.
Britain in this its polish'd Taste does shew;
 The Tongue some few, but none the Meaning, know.

The starv'ling Wits to write have no Pretence,
 Whilst *Sound* supplies the mighty Void of *Sense*.
 To lash the Fool, or Knave, no Satire's writ,
 Whilst Tricks of *Harlequin* will pass for Wit.
 The Ballad Wits are now bereft of Hope,
 And * *Faranelli* now may curse the *Pope*. For

* It is reported, That Signior *Faranelli*, on his first coming, finding our Nobility to open their Purfes as freely as he did his Mouth, was so impious as to say, His Holiness might be d—d, he would sing no more for him.

For *British* Gold does loftier Notes excite,
 Than what were wont the Father to delight,
 May *Britain* long this polish'd Taste retain;
 May § *Brutus* still his Sons condemn in vain.
 A *Roman* Senate ne'er an Audience draws,
 Their rigid Virtue, nor old-fashion'd Laws,
 Nor Sons condemn'd, shall gain the Sire Applause.
 Can it avail, that modern Patriots know
 What *Brutus* did two thousand Years ago?
 Tho' once a || *Roman* Gen'ral held the Plough,
 Such strange Examples won't be follow'd now.
 Nor will we be by his Example sway'd,
 Who on his Sons fulfill'd the Laws he made.
 What ! tho' the Author might expect Applause,
 From Thoughts like these in Freedom's glorious Clause;
 With Liberty, tho' each Expression's fraught;
 Tho' great, yet just, and natural each Thought;

§ *Junius Brutus*. A Tragedy. Acted this Season at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

|| *Quintus Cincinnatus*, a famous Roman, being chose by the Senate once Consul, and once Dictator (both Times from the Plough) was so far from being pleas'd with the Honour, that he answered with Tears, *Then for this Year my poor little Field must go unsown, and we shall be in Danger of Want*: And after he had discharg'd both Posts with a great deal of Honour, he utterly refus'd the Rewards which were due to his Services, and betook himself to his former laborious Course of Life.

E

Tho'

Tho' lofty Words, and lofty Thoughts combine
 Tho' Strength of Reason charms in every Line
 And tho' the Words of Britain might inspire
 And *British* Bosoms warm with *Roman* Fire
Italian Fustian sure has more Pretence
 To please this polish'd Age, than *Roman* Sense
Italian Songsters all our Wealth deserve;
 Our dull, laborious, native Fools may serve

Whilst Taste polite, like this, the Nation sways,
 I'll still exert my Genius in its Praise

Thus, in a scribbling Age, to scribbling born,
 I both the Play-house and the Court adorn.
 To please the Court, my Country feels my Rage,
 And I write Entertainments for the Stage
 What Monsters then spring from my fruitful Head!
 What Tricks by hum'rous *Harlequin* are play'd!
 This in expressive Gestures entertains,

And here you're charm'd with high heroic Strains;
 Both Tragic, Comic, Dog'el, and Sublime,
 Mirth without Humour, without Reason Rhime.

These

These are the Characters that most the Town delight;
 Who'd gain Applause, such Songs as these must write
 Nor these alone, do my vast Skill display;
 I've turn'd the *Man of Taste* into a *Play*
 Where, tho' old Characters I only show,
 They pass with this judicious Town for new
 With these the judging Town in me admire
 Great *Cibber's* Wit, and *Hurlothrumbo's* Fire
 Should *Cibber* die, I'd imitate his Style;
 The Bays assume, and glad, like him, the *Life* :
 With wond'rous Odes, with meanless Meanings fraught,
 And charm with *Words*, but ne'er attempt a *Thought* :
 What wond'rous Art must in those Lines be shewn,
 That, without Thought, can please both Court and Town ?
 That Art, immortal Bard, is known to thee,
 Nor thine alone, for part belongs to me.
 Like thee in lofty, tho' unmeaning, Lays,
 I flatter Statesmen, and I Monarchs praise :
 Thee I can equal in obscure Sublime,
 And ev'n excel thee in the Choice of Rhime.
 Smooth, well-turn'd Rhimes are often found in me :
 But thou'rt almost from Rhime, as Reason, free.

With

With how much Pleasure must this scribbling Age
 See me come on, as thou go'st off the Stage, gain
 With what Delight must every Briton see,
 When thou art dead, thy Parts reviv'd in me?
 See thy deep Sense in my exhaustless Wit,
 Thy Odes reviv'd, and new Nonjurors writ.
 See *Fletcher* trembling underneath my Pen,
 And mighty *Shakespeare* plunder'd once again.
 See *Fustian* with sublimest Thoughts combin'd,
 And ancient Wit with modern Pertness join'd:
 The sacred Bays encircled round my Skull,
 Thus rais'd t' appear more eminently dull.

What wondrous Art must in those Lines be shown,
 That, without Thought, can please both Court and Town?

That Art, immortal Bard, is known to thee,
 S. I N I F.

Not thine alone, for part belongs to me.

Like thee in lofty, tho' unname'd, I say,
 I flatter Statelmen, and I flatter Kings.



Thee I can equal in obscure Sublimity.

And ev'n excel thee in the Choice of Rhime.

Smooth, well-tun'd Rhimes are often found in me:

But thou'rt almost from Rhime, as Reason, free.

With

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